Blatchfield
Chilworth
Surrey.
1903

My woman,

It seems fated that there's no room for Son - which is very depressing - I have got a double bed - some strange foresight made them give it me - I wish Son could come, but I shall see Son somehow in London, or Son's house. This Surrey is a damn County - this place isn't so bad as Hindhead, but it's overrun with Cockneys - Culture. Gregory artistic seems to retire here, & build a villa brick

house with them Elizabethan
white & black. However this
house is better than that —
three old cottages ran together,
& comfortable which is the
main thing. The cold is the
rather bad. Father likes the
place, though, & has a very
comfortable room & sitting room
to himself. But he can't
get out much, & I don't think
he is better.
Shall you be in London anymore —
or have you let your house, or
what? The Cottage is a
delight to think of — & only
you don't let it tainted with

Dratby & Sorrows - such as always
cling to Jos, & make for a kind
of walking hospital - Poor
Sparrow will ask for a bed there
soon.

Has Jos heard about his
Sam:?

Thoby & Adrian are here. Adrian
goes tomorrow, but Thoby stays till
Sunday. He is a charming
great inarticulate creature, with
lovers of their battles, always shut up in
him. Adrian is 15 years younger than all the rest of
us. He grows too fast to think
or feel, or do anything but eat.
The excellent George, fresh from his
Countess probably comes to-morrow -
then I shall shock some one again
which I haven't done for a fortnight -

Gerald has taken up with an American millionaire & is Cruising with him down the Coast of Italy. He meant to be to Venice, but the yacht was too tempting. 'Everything is done in first rate style.' So Venice will have to be dropped — the Ramoays & the family are many!

White here & be a Kind Woman.

Yr loving Sparrow.

NYPL

Chilworth, 28th April.
[1903]

My woman,

We come home on Thursday. I haven't any notion where you are or are going to be, so I write. There is really no use in telling it you - my poor intimate - but since we have been here; the nurse has told us that the thinky Father weaker. Saxton said so in London & wrote to Prosper & Jack. They know very little - only that the thing is getting

worse - has got much worse
quite lately. Seton expects
some other complication - but they
can tell nothing for certain -
it may be 6 months or a
year or even longer. Neve is
the only person who could say
more, & we think of leaving
him if we can without
frightening father. At present
he seems to see to nothing;
he goes by his pegs, which
have been good since we
came here. I think Son
have really known all this.
Apparently Neve expected it,

NYPL

only would not tell us - or
told people who did not understand.
Anyhow there is nothing to be done, -
something I can't believe that
is true. Father is exactly as
usual, to talk to; even writing,
only he can not walk far, a
bit tired. But everything
else as usual. I would not
write to you, only writing is
easier than talking, & perhaps I
shall see you. Did the other
news at the London Hospital
tell you anything? He seemed
to stay about the same, for a
long time, & then suddenly to
get much weaker. I think they
never think him worse than he

really is

Anyhow I'm sure he doesn't yet notice anything. He told me today that he thought he was getting slowly stronger. The fear is that his sister & other people will let him see it.

NYPL

The world's a strange place. At this moment it none exist seems true. So I am calloes & harden son with all these things.

Be a Kind woman. He is such a loveable creature.

Yr Sparrow

22, HYDE PARK GATE,
S.W.

April 30th 1903

My beloved woman,
You are the only sympathetic
person in the world - that's why
everybody comes to you with
their troubles. I feel as though
perhaps I ought not to have told
you. Written down it sounds
worse, for here seeing him,
things go on as usual, & ~~one~~
I can't help thinking that they
are wrong. Of course they
really no chance of that -
I feel rather a brute to have
told you all this, without any need.

If you saw him, you wouldn't
see any difference I think -
Something with everything would
happen directly, & be done with.
There, nothing so beastly as waiting
& not knowing.
However that's what one has
to do now -
Do come here, or I will come
to you; but the great thing is
that he should see people,
especially just these next weeks,
when he may begin to realize
that he can't work.
(Lord is giving us his views upon
Florence - You are the only person)
ever do feel the least inclined to talk

to - poor intimate - You dont talk damned theories - or expect fortunes.

Take care of yourself - & slaughter chickens by the farmyard full & they do your pictures bones good.

Yrs sp. Write again.

1903.

Woman,

Come any day you can -
every day - if you come here
you will see father who rampages,
for you - but whistle & Sparrow
will come to you. Father is a
fraud - only an invalid for the
sake of his ladies. I wish I
could be an invalid & have ladies.
I am so susceptible to female
charms - in fact I offered my
blistered heart to one in Paris - if
not to two. But first by a
long way is that divine Vera,
who is Katie & you & Nessa &
all good & beautiful (which are
you I wonder?) women -
adore. I weep teary of tenderness
to think of that great heart
of pity for Sparrow locked up in
Stone - never to throw her arms

round me - as she would. It only
She could - I know - to feel it.
Honestly there was a look of
Katie in her stupid beautiful
head, & Katie in a bath towel
would have what you call a
bust just like hers - only Katie
won't ever open her arms (which
aren't of stone the Venus hasn't
got any by the way) for this
poor sparrow to enter. NYPL
was another - but the
woman was ugly for the
letters - Gerald insults me -
say I drink whiskey -
utterance so thick - ? say
mixture of Venus & Violet

Yr J.

Keen appetite
is usually
for a thorough
examination—
a further reason
to let him
know.
Come at
Wed: 5—

S. Spencer

Aug 4th 1903

My Beloved Woman,

Your letters come like balm on the heart. I really think I must do what I never have done — try to keep them. I've never kept a single letter all my life — but this romantic friendship ought to be preserved. Very few people have any feeling to express — at least of affection or sympathy — & if those that do feel don't express — the world's so much more like a desert art moon — cold living for the sparrows & violets. This is because you think, or say, you ought'nt to write nice hot letters —

559 Sat. afternoon
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Kitty never pierces my tough hide,
or tries to. She came to see
father the other day, the first time
since his illness, & asked him why he
hadn't been to call on her, all
this time - which was rather too
fashionable, I thought. And didn't
volunteer more than a feeble white
glove to me - perhaps naturally -
Only this explains why in crises of
emotion, Violet is the sympathetic
sister, not Kitty - All Stephen's
are self centred by nature; taking
more than giving - but if you
only understand that, it can be helped

You can get on all right with them -
indeed some of them are really rather
lovable people.
You are a mad woman - why travel all
the way to Southwold to meet damp
sheets & stringy fowls. I wish
you had sense about your own inside -
if my pulse were weak, & sciatica in
my joints you wouldn't hear of such
things. You remind me, ah along, of
Mrs Carlyle. I am reading her too.
Father says she's the most wonderful
letter writer in the language. She
certainly has a strong likeness to my
Violet - she gets into just the same

queer flaky as you do - & has to do
with exactly your queer kind of people.
She was a heavy woman too - only
there for the fear warning. How she
drove in Hyde Park - & her heart
stopped - So for God's sake (for once
in religious) take care of your brain -
don't get anything more. feed & fatten. I shall take to talking
about health — NYPL Nothing has
happened here. Nurse says father ought not
even now, to go to the study, but he had
better try. if he wants to. At present he has
stayed downstairs. Gertie is writing to
Helen to say we are anxious for News, if
it can be managed without worrying father